



From the last Democratic Review, THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM DICKENS.

How shall I know then, in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of those that time could wither sleep—
And perishes among the dusts we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own mock heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest thoughts to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tender to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And loved all, and rendered good for ill.

For me the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love—till I become
The fit companion in that land of bliss?

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS.

A BURLESQUE PARAPHRASE.

Air: "Yankee Doodle."

Potent, grave, and reverend sir,
Very nobly Massa—
When de maid a man prefer,
Den him no can pass her.
Yes it is most verry true
Him take dis old man's daughter,
But no by spell him promise you,
But by fair means him caught her.

'Tis true she lub him werry much,
'Tis true dat off him carry her,
And dat him lub for her is such,
'Tis werry true him marry her.
All dis be true,—and till him dead,
I im lub her without ending—
And dis my Massa, is de head
And tail of him offending.

De old man once him lub me too,
Do' no in rage before ye,
And often say, 'come, Otello,
And tell us pretty story.
About de time when you young child,
(You naughty lilly knavery,)
And when you bout de wood run wild,
And when you sold for slavery."

Den ebry day him tell all dis,
And sometimes lilly lie, too,
And him took de eye of Miss,
And den him hear de sigh, too.
And Miss ask him all alone,
And den him ask her wedder,
Him make de both two hearts in one,
Den off dem run togedder.

TOUGH YARNS.—The Boston Times gets off occasionally some of the toughest we ever heard. Here is one of them: Some one was telling Sam Hyde about the mud turtle: "Yes," says Sam, "I know all about THAT: for I once found a venerable fellow in my meadow, who was so old he could hardly wriggle his tail, and on his back was carved, (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: "Paradise. Year 1. Adam."

REFLECTION.—Charlotte, said a gentleman to his daughter one day, you are really too giddy and I fear never give yourself time for reflection. Pon-honor, then, pa, replied the young lady, laughing, you may make yourself perfectly easy on that account, for I generally spend half the day at the looking glass.

From the Cincinnati Whig. FAITHFUL LOVE.

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here is still the smile that no cloud can o'erspread,
And the heart and the hand, all thine own to the last.
(Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame?)

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

When we first heard of the recent horrible affray, at the Galt House in Louisville, in which Judge Wilkerson of Mississippi, was the most prominent actor, and principal in the homicide of two citizens of that place, we heard, as an item to heighten the sensibilities in the unfortunate affair, that the judge was then engaged to be married to an accomplished young lady of Kentucky, and that the marriage was to have been solemnized in a day or two after the fatal rencounter occurred. The report was no doubt accurate, as is proved by the following announcement in a late Kentucky paper,

"**MARRIED.**—In Bardstown, Kentucky, on Thursday, evening, Judge Wilkerson, of Mississippi, to Miss Eliza Czezier, of the former place."

There is a moral sublimity in this marriage that throws an additional charm over the character of woman. The lines at the head of this article are eminently expressive of the case under consideration. Judge Wilkerson had been denounced as a murderer; the popular cry had been raised against him, and the populace could scarcely be repressed from expending its fury in violence upon his person. The noisy devotees of Judge Lynch openly and loudly threatened to immolate the unfortunate Wilkerson under sanction of the summary and bloody Lynch code. The respectable Mississippian seemed all of a sudden to be bereft of friends and utterly deserted. The butlerly crowd that had been hovering around him in his hours of cheerfulness and prosperity, soon disappeared. He was now locked up in a cold, dark and gloomy prison. His case was prejudged by the multitude; and he was openly proclaimed a murderous malefactor. In this period of agonizing adversity, how peculiarly needful was he of some consolation, of at least one friend, in whose bosom he could pour the secret sorrows of his soul, and where he could be sure to find a faithful and sympathetic response. He knew, indeed, that he had exchanged vows of love and devotion with one dear to his heart; but she was in a distant place, and even her feeling might be changed towards him in this season of adversity, disgrace and desertion.

Would she still prove true? Would she yet consent to follow his fortune? Could it be possible that she would still be willing to connect herself with a man, arraigned under the violated laws of his country for the horrid crime of murder?—And that, too, before his trial had taken place, and when it was even possible he might be pronounced guilty? To expect her faithful and unwavering, under such circumstances, was too much even for his own fond hopes! He was perplexed in the extreme. He could not but doubt! But ah! this involuntary doubt did injustice to the devoted faithfulness of woman! he told her his melancholy story—he extenuated his conduct; but it was unnecessary. She had prejudged his case favorably; there had been no shadow of change in her. But even if he should prove guilty, yet she now felt she loved him—faithful, unalterable love reigned paramount in her heart, and she said to him—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!"

How inexpressible precious must such a being be to a man situated as Judge Wilkerson! If he has a tithe of the feelings which usually belong to human nature, he will forever cherish her with ten fold more care than the "apple of his eye." He will not even permit the winds of heaven to visit her too roughly."

And what volumes does the conduct of

the young lady of Bardstown speak for the fortitude, the daring, the unflinching faithfulness of the gentle sex! How sublime, how delightful to man is the contemplation of their fond, their devoted love! No misfortune, no adversity can change them, but

"Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame."
Their heart, their devotion, is always the same.

NOTE.—Our readers will recollect that Judge Wilkerson underwent an examination before the examining court at Louisville, and that the circumstances of the fatal affray proved to be much more favorable to him than was anticipated, or the published accounts led the public to believe. He was accordingly admitted to bail, under a bond for his appearance of \$50,000 this heavy sum being suggested by the Judge himself at the same time declaring that he desired nothing but a fair trial.

A. G. McNUTT.—It must be truly gratifying to the feelings of every true citizen of the south, to view the firm and statesmanlike feeling pursued by Gov. McNutt. Thoroughly convinced of the true policy of the South, he boldly entered the field in opposition to monopolies, and in favor of an open and direct trade to Europe.—Never were circumstances more unfavorable, for the propagation of these principles. The swollen and bloated credit system had crept into the very vitals of our government. Every branch of business was gradually sinking, under the influence of this political Syren. Every act of legislation was in effect, if not so intended, a measure of palliation. Without the mind to convince or the firmness to administer the right remedy, the legislative quacks were fast hurrying the political body into final dissolution. It was at this crisis that Gov. McNutt entered the field. Bold in conception, fearless of consequences, and untiring in exertions; he courted and overcame opposition. The public mind was electrified—the sober sound reason of the people, was soon satisfied of the correctness of his principles. Satisfied that the disease was deep seated, they determined to drive the scalpe to the bone.

This they did with a full knowledge of the partial and temporary inconvenience that would follow. The result so far as tried has more than answered our expectations. And we hope and believe that the next legislature will go from the people ripe with these principles. The task of McNutt has not only been arduous, but full of delicacy. Bound to the people by the most solemn assurances, upon certain leading questions, he has felt himself compelled upon several occasions to hurl the veto club in the face of legislation.—This is a crisis full of delicacy and responsibility. But this power is nevertheless one of the most important delegated to the government. And the man that has not the sagacity to discern the time when it should be exerted, and the firmness to use it at the time, is not fit for a Governor. It is in fact the most important power in the hand of that officer calculated to do much good, but from the nature of our government not possible to be used for lasting detriment. We commend Gov. McNutt, for his discreet and fearless use of this power. The people are with him; in fact every one of his vetoes speaks the fearful rebuke of an insulted and outraged community.—*Gallatin Miss. Star.*

Sir Walter Scott in one of his lectures lately brought to light, alluding to planting and agriculture, playfully says, 'I promise you my oaks will outlast my laurels, and I pique myself more on my composition for manure than on any other composition whatsoever, to which I was ever accessory.'

Abolition we are proud to say, received another tho' less powerful stab by the conversion of Messrs Clay and Adams. But let us not forget that the Republican Address, and Ather-ton's Resolutions gave it a blow from which it could not possibly recover, and it was but the exercise of a better judgment for Messrs. Clay and Adams to abandon it.

[Dist. Tel. graph.]

ANecdotes—ORIGINAL AND TRUE.—Mr. Franky A.—who was a gentleman of good parts and infinite humor, used with much pleasure to relate the following anecdote, as having occurred to himself when a young man. A young lady in the neighborhood had won his affections, and as had commenced paying her addresses. During the courtship he sometimes supped with the lady's family, when he was always regaled with a homely dish of milk and mush, and being of a serious turn, was generally invited to say grace over the meal. The supper Franky did not take amiss, as the family of his fair one was in but moderate circumstances, and being himself poor, he admired much domestic economy; besides, he was satisfied, provided he could obtain the affections of his dulcinea. The course of true love, it is said, never runs smooth; and Franky chanced to have a rival who was much richer than himself. One evening when he was visiting his charmer, after the beard had been spread with the frugal meal of mush and milk, but before the family had taken their seat the table, some one spied Franky's rival riding up. Immediately a change came over the substance of the meal. As if by magic, the table was cleared of its load, and brought remained to tell the tale but the clean white cloth. In the course of a short time, however, the table was again furnished, not as before, but with the suitable appendages for making tea, and with warm bread, such as is hastily baked, and in common parlance, called 'short cake.' When all was ready, as was the custom, brother A.—was invited to say grace, who, with due solemnity, hands folded, and eyes closed, pronounced the following impromptu benediction.

"The Lord be praised,
How I'm amazed
To see how things have mended;
Here's short cake and tea,
For supper I see,
Where mush and milk were intended."

It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this grace Franky never returned to woo his lady love, but left her to the undisturbed possession of his more fortunate rival.—[Cecil Gaz.]

CONJUGAL PASTIMES.

We heard of an old Blue Beard of a fellow who enjoyed infinite sport in tickling his wife to death in which manner he made away with about as great a number as that notable personage, himself. —A gentleman in the upper part of this city, though not with the same diabolical intent, thought to have a little amusement at the expense of his lady, and so proposed to give her an elegant silk dress, if she would hold her finger ten minutes in a mixture of salt and snow. The offer was readily accepted, and the experiment commenced. "It's cold," said the lady. "Take it out said the husband. "But the dress!" Ah you will lose it," said the husband. "I must have it," said the lady, and she persevered no withdrawing her finger. It might have been as easily broken off as any finger on the hand of Lot's wife, being completely frozen; and the husband has the double amusement of paying a round bill to his doctor. This instance of perseverance is exceeded only by that of the lady who threatened if her husband refused her request to attend an entertainment to cut off one of her fingers and on his refusal actually carried her threat into execution; both abundantly proving the truth of the old couplet concerning woman, that

"When she will she will—you may depend on't.
When she won't she won't—and there's an end on't."

LAUGHABLE.—The Hartford Courier relates the following laughable incident as having lately occurred at a fire in that place.—"A man took his station on the top of the seminary in Trumbull street to throw buckets of water which were handed to him upon the roof. The first pailful handed up, he dashed fiercely on the roof, but to his surprise, it rolled the in eyes like so many cannon balls, being nothing more nor less than a pail of frozen potatoes! The next bucket which was handed him he dashed on the roof with much greater energy, and to his still greater astonishment, found it to be a pail of soft soap! He then sang out lustily for water and in a few moments was furnished with a supply sufficient to cause the eaves to run with soap suds. It is hardly necessary to add that the building was preserved.

WELDERISMS.—"It does one's heart good to look at you," as the fox said to the chicken, when he found he couldn't get over the barn-yard wall to eat them.

"I can't say I see any thing bad in it," as the owl said when she looked into the pool.

"How beautiful!" as the monkey said when he looked into the mirror.

"Here's to our better acquaintance as the boy said when he drank to his mother.

"I'm all of a perspiration"—as the beef stake said to the gridiron.

"You're too affectionate"—as the monkey said to the bear when he gave him a death squeeze.

"Terrible work for the eyes"—as the toad said when the cart run over his head.

"The valkin is gitten rather bad along here," as the man said in the dark last night, ven he stumbled over a pile of bricks on the side walk.